

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

My Brother Roland Jay. My Brother died was taken to heaven to protect him from the evil of my mother, who was spiritualist and necromancer, Roland Jay was only 6 months old when the Lord took him. People said at the time my brother Roland was like a little angel. Donald Jay was born in 1950. Roland was born in 1947 or 1948.

My Brother Roland Jay, a true little angel, forever protected from the evils of this world. In the quiet town of Nelson Lancashire a tale of tragedy and redemption unfolded, casting a long shadow over the Jay family. It was a story that young Donald Jay, born in, would carry in his heart for the rest of his days.

Roland Jay, a bright-eyed infant, entered the world in 1947 or 1948, bringing boundless joy and hope to the Jay household. But fate had other plans for young Roland. At just six to eight months old, a relentless and merciless cough gripped him, leaving his parents helpless and desperate.

As Roland's condition worsened, the entire town rallied around the Jay family, offering prayers and support. Roland, with his cherubic smile and innocent eyes, had become the beating heart of Nelson. It seemed as though the heavens themselves had bestowed upon him a special grace. However, darkness lurked within the walls of the Jay residence. Donald's mother had delved into the forbidden arts, embracing spiritualism and necromancy. Their obsession with the otherworldly had twisted their souls, and they sought power beyond human comprehension. As Roland's health deteriorated, Donald couldn't help but sense the malevolent presence that seemed to linger around his family. He watched in helpless agony as his mother and brother spiraled deeper into their dark pursuits, oblivious to the pain they were causing.

Then, one fateful night, as the moon hung heavy in the sky, Roland's coughs grew weaker and his breaths shallower. The world seemed to hold its breath in tandem with the infant's fading life.

In his final moments, Roland's gaze met Donald's, a silent understanding passing between them. And then, with a whisper of a breath, Roland was gone.

A profound stillness settled over Nelson. The news of Roland's passing spread like wildfire, reaching every corner of the town. People wept for the loss of their little angel, their hearts heavy with sorrow.

But Donald knew that, in a way, Roland had been spared from a fate worse than death. The Lord had taken him to shield him from the malevolence that had consumed their home.

In the aftermath, Donald found solace in the memories of his baby brother's radiant spirit. He carried Roland's legacy in his heart, vowing to protect it from the darkness that had claimed their family.

As the years passed, Donald sought to bring light back into the Jay household. He immersed himself in faith and goodness, determined to undo the damage that had been done. Slowly, he chipped away at the walls that had been built around his mother and older brother, offering them love and compassion in the hopes of leading them back to the path of light.

And in his quiet moments, Donald would look up at the sky, knowing that somewhere up there, Roland was watching over them, a true little angel, forever protected from the evils of this world.

By Donald Jay